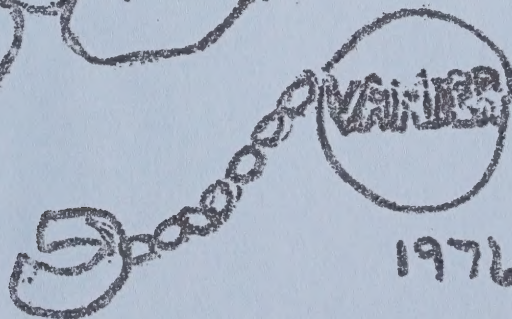
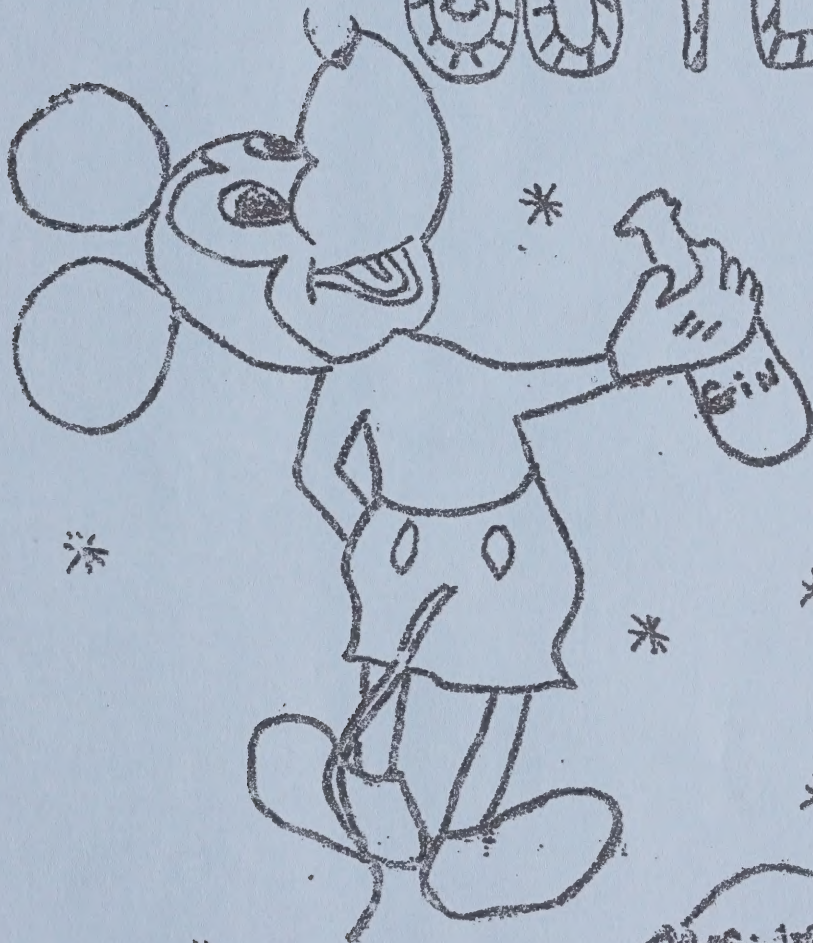


THE

INSIDE

OUTLOOK



1976

VOLUME 4 No 5

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PASTHEAD

INVICTUS: Cathy J.
Robin W.

KON-PIKI: Angela D.
Carol K.
Barb M.

HOCHELAGA: Sue H.
Diane B.
Marlene M.

INGLESIDE: Patti S.

STAFF ADVISORS: Mrs E. Lum
Terry Angle

Special thanks to Mary S. from Ingleside
for running off pages 4, 5, 6, and 7
at B. A. T. C.

INSIDE-OUTLOOK NEWSPAPER POLICY:

The views of this newspaper do not
necessarily represent those of the news-
paper staff, nor, have the endorsement
of the administration.

The newspaper committee reserves
the right to accept or reject any
article submitted.

INDEX

	AUTHOR	PAGE
Editorial	Perry Gerhard	3
Photos from the Summer	Coutesy of B.A.T.C. and Mary S.	4,5,6,7
Friendship	Carol K.	8
Drawing	Patti S., Angie D.	9
Self-Realization	Cathy J.	10
Interviews	Diane B., Patti S.	11a,b,c,
Poetry	Marie C.	12
Interview	Cathy J.	13
More Poetry	Fran C., Patti S. Miss Tutty Johnnie, Marie C. Lily K.	14,15,16 17,18,19
Arriving At Vanle.	Cathy J.	20
Social Attitudes to Lawbreakers	Diane B.	21,22
Cottage 6	Lynda T.	23
More Poetry	Lily K., Marie C. R.W.(Inv.), Sue H. (K-T)	24,25,26,27
Calendars	Patti S.	

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EDITORIAL

Comments on Staff Resident Relationship

Having been at Vanier for approximately one year now, I have been asked to put my views of staff-resident relationship in writing for the newspaper.

Generally I find the relationship between resident and staff as very good. The resident committee is an excellent vehicle to further communication between these two groups.

The unfortunate observations I have made is mostly around now the staff-residents deal with each other. Sometimes other staff expectations of residents and vice versa is not very realistic. We both need to be able to treat situations as fairly and objectively as possible. Unfortunately many times residents claim that they can't expect too much from staff because they are only "hack or screws". Likewise when residents keep continually fouling up in some way or other the staff tend to classify them as "only a resident", so what can we expect. We need to get away from this stereo-typing and labels and learn to accept and appreciate the real humanity in each other.

Residents and staff have learned to accept some type of on-going rift between because of our respective positions and wholeheartedly claim that this rift will always be present and nothing can be done about it.

I think this type of thinking and blind acceptance which seems to be passed down from "generation to generation" of staff and residents needs to be seriously questioned.

If we could learn to accept help from each other rather than look to ways of blaming or scapgoating because we are of said to really confront the situations we would go along way in bettering staff-resident relationships.

Perry Gerhard,
Invictus Cottage Supervisor.

Submitted by
"Johnnie"

As newspaper rep, I attended the resident's meeting on August 16th and mentioned that the theme for September's issue of the Inside-Outlook was Staff-Inmate relationships. A good example of this was the softball game, in which not only the staff, but the girls also, had a chance to let their hair down. Sure the inmates lost, but I think we gained a bit, too. It's kind of hard for me to imagine Miss Nichols as staff now, because let's fact it, not many staff run around with balloons on their head. I think the staff should join in more activities a bit more, not only for Vanier morale, but it's good for the waistline. Think about it all you CHUBBIES.

Cupcake



CAMP



STY KELS O







Dr. Mary McEwan wrote in her article in Chatelaine that women need the friendship of other women. It's unfortunate that the ideas of Dr. S. Freud (who made everything starkly sexual) have filtered down to the point where women are afraid to have friendships for fear of being called "lesbians." Friendship only happens between people who feel they are equal, no matter what sex! We find friends in all walks of life and jail is no exception. As the saying goes, "We get by with a little help from our friends."

FRIENDSHIPS

For the most part, the staff around here don't think it's possible for two girls to have a real solid friendship without the girls being stereo-typed as 'GAY'. I have met a girl in here that I am able to talk to and discuss my problems with. But lately we have been getting nothing but hassles and aggravation. If we were on the street, I guarantee society wouldn't think the way the staff do. If a man and woman have a real friendship, they are not labeled as 'lovers,' just close friends. Why then can't it be true of two people of the same sex? With all the head games that are played in here, it's assuring to know you have someone, other than staff, you can confide in. This girl has helped me with a lot of my problems and I enjoy talking to her. But apparently, that's not allowed. Why can't staff try to understand about this type of friendship instead of condemning it? As a result of this damning, we have been on the defensive lately and have been in a bit of trouble. If we were left alone, perhaps they (staff) would see a great change in our attitudes. All we want is for our friendship to be accepted as we accept it. I feel that we don't have to explain our feelings to anyone but ourselves, and I hope that I've made my message clear.

By CUPCAKE



KEEP ON SMILING

You will be out
of Vanier Soon!



SELF-REALIZATION

As I sit in Math class, I wonder what is going on in the outside world. I often wonder what my friends are doing during their summer holidays. Maybe, the place I'm from is dull right now but, if I were there I'd help to make it more alive. I really wish that I were there because I would more than likely be waking up from a drunk and I would be starting into another.

I'm really homesick for that place. My attitude is negative or so they say because I really don't want anything out of this rat's nest.

I really need to go home. I miss my family and friends. Sure, I broke the law and I have to pay my debt to society, but I feel that I already have. Monday it will be four months in jail. This is too long a period of time for a person my age to be away from my parents and friends and especially freedom. Sure, you can make friends in here but, more than likely you'll never see each other again. So what's the use?

I guess being in jail has done something for me because I learned how much my parents really care for me and what's more I learned how much that I love them.

Whenever I get depressed I start writing, it makes me feel a bit better anyway. I don't actually know who I am writing to but, it is better than getting up and punching someone in the face. Don't you agree?

I know that this may sound a bit funny but, I can't help it. I haven't found out who I am or what I'm doing. If I could find out I would be a lot happier. I am in jail because I'm seeking an identity. That's what a lot of young people do! What am I? I am a person but, surely that can't be all there is to life. Who am I? I am Cathy J. Is that all? It can't be! Who am I then? What am I? I am a Canadian citizen and proud of it. Is that all? It can't be! Who am I then? What am I? I can't answer these questions because I honestly don't know. Can anyone tell me? I wish that I could find the answer. If I could find the answer my life would be a lot more fulfilled and less of a puzzle. Help me to seek the answer and I will help myself by doing something that is worthy of who and what I really am!

.....

Johnnie

INTERVIEW WITH MIKE GRIFFITHS

Page 11a

Diane: How do you enjoy being interviewed?

Mike: Sitting down (ha, ha) I enjoy it very much. Now lets get on with it.

Diane: How long have you worked at Vanier?

Mike: Tow and a half months, but the way I feel, I've been here for six months.

Diane: Do you plan to stay as a casual staff and why?

Mike: Yes, because I enjoy it.

Diane: What do you think of the Vanier program?

Mike: The program could be alot of help to the residents at Vanier, but it's up to the girls to use the program to the best of their ability and grasp what they can.

Diane: Why are your small fingernails longer than the rest?

Mike: No way! I'm not answering that!..I find it very stylish.

Diane: How do you find your relationship between the residents here?

Mike: Nice! Kind of good. I feel I get along with mostly everybody.

Diane: How do you get along with other staff?

Mike: I haven't met all the staff yet, but those who I have come in contact with, have been really nice. (I guess) They go out of their way to explain things fully to me.

Diane: What are your hobbies?

Mike: I've got lots of hobbies. Everything, including dancing and football.

Well it was very interesting having this interview with you. I would like to thank you very much for taking the time out for it. Thank you very much.

Interviewed by Diane B.

INTERVIEW WITH CATHY (SUMMER STAFF)

Patti:

Patti: What is your full name?

Cathy: Catherine Marie Haywood.

Patti: Where were you born?

Cathy: Toronto.

Patti: What made you work here in Vanier for the summer?

Cathy: I figured it would be interesting and educational. I just don't figure how interesting or educational.

cont'd...

Patti: How do you feel about the programmes here?

Cathy: They're O.K. There is room for changes, but they will come.

Patti: If you had charge, would you like to see any changes in the Vanier Centre?

Cathy: Yes.

Patti: Do you have disagreements with other staff here?

Cathy: I don't agree with anyone about everything, but I usually know enough to keep my mouth shut.

Patti: How do you get along with the inmates here?

Cathy: Some residents--good, some residents--lousy
Some residents--good sometimes, lousy sometimes.

Patti: If you had a chance to work at another position, what would it be?

Cathy: I am satisfied with my present position for the time being.

Patti: How do you feel when a resident interviews you?

Cathy: Flattered about being asked. Cautious about answering?

Thank you very much Cathy for taking the time to let me interview you. Now I'd like to thank everyone at Vanier for making my summer as pleasant as it has been. I've really enjoyed it.

INTERVIEW WITH GORD REEVES

Angie: How did you like Vanier?

Gord: It was really nice.

Angie: How did you find your relationships with the residents here?

Gord: Unlike most of my students, I enjoyed my time at Vanier. I've been here 18 months. I turned down all TAF's when offered. Had restricted ground privileges and turned down early parole seven times. I've learned alot about myself here and I think I have a good programme in mind for returning to the community. Unfortunately, I didn't get a certificate in Dry Cleaning, Housekeeping or Typing. No one asked me to attend the class for expectant mothers, however, I hope to gain some information later this year. Any advice on this matter will be greatly appreciated.

Angie: What do you think of the staff?

Gord: Again in spite of what many residents feel, my feeling about staff generally is that we are a mixed group of people with very different backgrounds and experiences. None of us are right all of the time nor, are we always wrong. A thing that I've felt since the beginning of my time is that we're trying real problems. The thing that I think we have as a common denominator is the real need to help. You as residents demand from us understanding. Remember--that we also need it too.

Angie: What were you trying to get across to the girls?

Gord : The most important thing that any girl can learn in my class is that she has something positive and often beautiful to offer.

Angie: Did you enjoy working with the girls here?

Gord : I enjoy working with people. There was a problem for me in the beginning, having to observe the security regulations.

Angie: Have you had any propositions and how many?

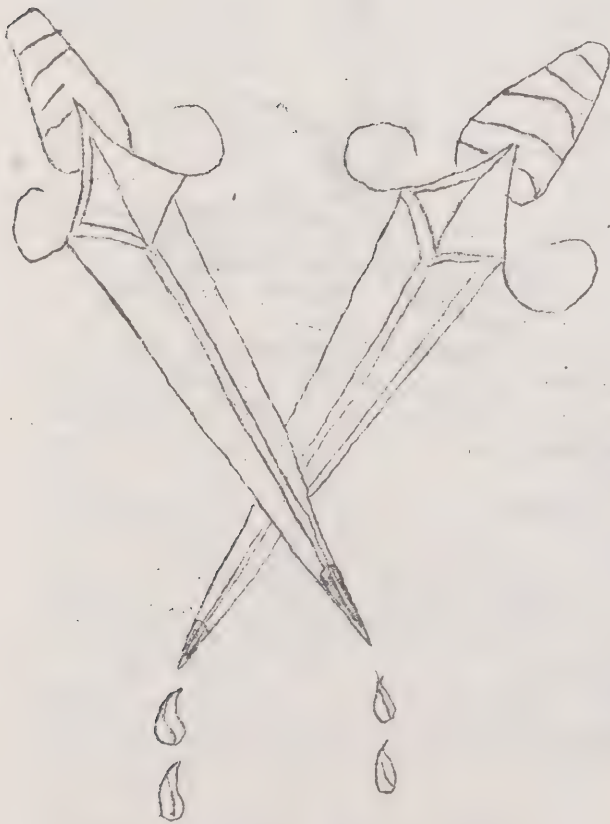
Gord : None!

Angie: What would you have done if you would have been propositioned?

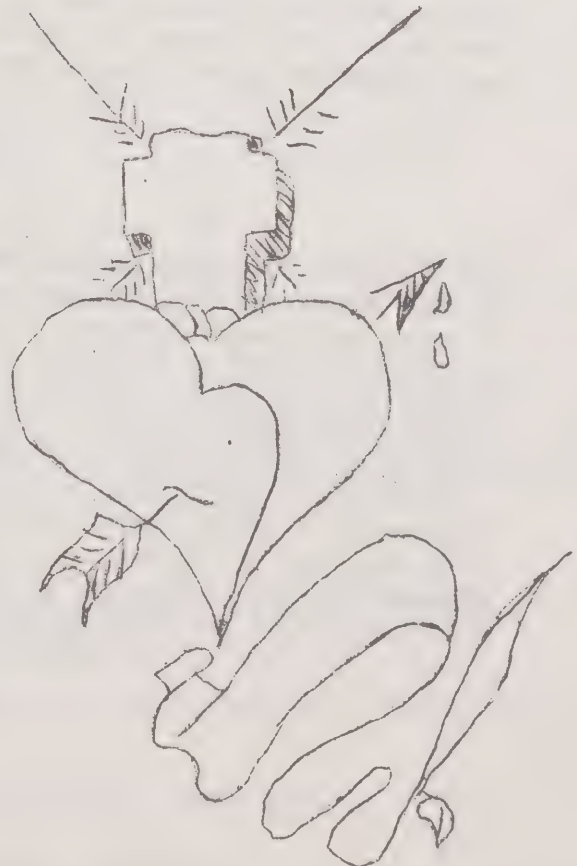
Gord : I don't think anyone would have done it! I feel that the girls had too much respect for me to ask. The girls knew that I love my wife, so there was no reason to embarrass me by propositioning me.

Gord will be teaching sculpture at the University of Manitoba.
He'll also continue teaching jewelry privately.

By ANGIE D.



Drawing done by
Angie D.



How to see Terry Angle

Terry is a person which I know,
Glitter falls wherever he walks
Silence falls when he talks
Everyone will stand and watch,
When he appears.

You, T. are as beautiful as a shining Star
The presence of you makes us quiver.
You, T. can take the world in your arms
And the peace you can deliver.

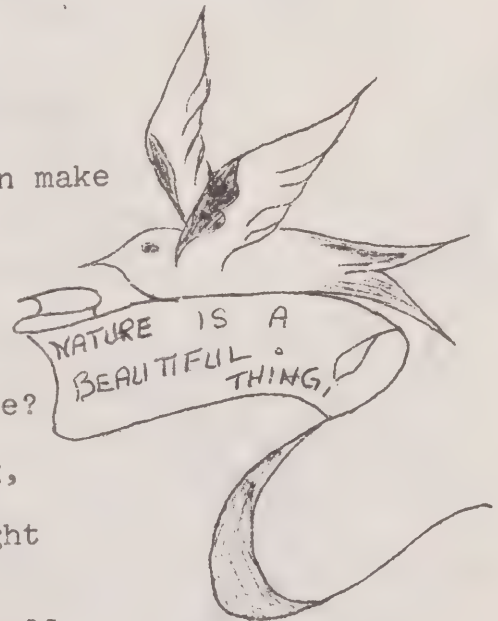
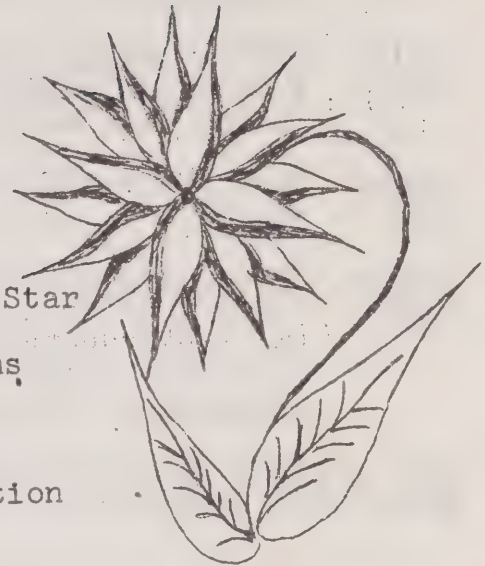
You, T., are wonderful as the heavens
One look will make us stand in admiration
You, T., are King of Beauty beyond
Your giving us good situations.
You T., You T., You T.
are very bearable.
You, you, you, Terry
Are very wearable!

The moral of this story is you Terry.
And this only goes to prove that I can make
up a pretty good story about anybody.

M. C.

As I look out my window, what do I see?
I see nothing but nature's beauty.
I see the green grass, a bird singing,
a tree with it's branches stretching
in the wind, the sun shining, the light
blue skys over me.
But as I turn what do I see?
I see reality, I see that I am in a cell
Nature's beauty where did it go?
Was it just a dream? or was it reality?
Should we forget such things?
But there is no beauty looking around
a cell.

M. C.



DRAWING DONE
BY ANGIE D.

INTERVIEW WITH LAURIE HANMER

Recreation Summer Staff

What is your full name?

Laurie A. Hanmer.

Where were you born?

Hamilton, Ontario.

How old are you?

19 years of age.

What do you think of the Vanier recreation program?

I think that the program is good. There are a lot of new programs coming up that the girls should enjoy.

Do you think that the overall program at Vanier works?

I don't really know. I haven't been here long enough to judge.

Have you ever had disagreements with other staff?

Our recreation staff works pretty close. We can usually work out any difficulties.

Have you issued many misconducts and incident reports?

I have issued one misconduct and two incident reports.

What is your opinion on the inmates of Vanier?

I don't think that I can generalize on the girls because they are all so individual. I feel that I get along with the majority of the girls.

Did you enjoy working here?

Yes, I did.

You got an extension of your working time here. Why?

When Pam Carlton handed in her resignation, Recreation was short staffed so, they asked me if I would like to work longer.

Do you intend to return to corrections in the future?

I wouldn't mind to come back as a student for more experience as a student but, I couldn't make a decision at this time as to whether or not I could work in corrections as a full-time job.

You have a strange nick-name. Why did you get it and from whom?

I received the nick-name Mohammed, from Angel B. She gave it to me when she was in Timberlea. One night the Timberlea girls came to the gym to play volleyball and she gave it to me after she saw the way in which I serve. Many girls have picked on it since.

What would you like to see changed here?

I couldn't make a decision because I don't know the program well enough. I haven't set my values on Vanier.

Thank you for your time and co-operation on this matter. Good Luck in the future and I'll really miss you.

Interview done by:

Cathy Johnson

To Dixie C.

The meaning of your eyes, words cannot explain,
And hoping that the feelings remain,
I am sure I know what goes through your mind,
The feelings and games you are trying to unwind.

You are hung-up, so I can see,
But whatever will come, it shall be,
As time goes on I feel it growing,
Good or bad, whatever you're showing.

The sharing and giving of each other,
Are only between us and no other's,
I realize we will have our ups and downs,
And we have to agree and make our rounds.

You have yet to make a move,
But when you do, we will groove,
When I grab your hand in thought,
Praying and thinking they will never part.

When you lay your body close to mine,
It's about the feelings and thoughts on my mind,
Where it shall be, I hope it's a brass bed,
Then I can do it to you like I said.

DAY BY DAY

To Dixie C.

Hey girl, I want you to know,
The feelings that I try not to show,
Your eyes, the smile on your face,
Our love that you try to replace.

I think we should get it together,
Why wait for the rainy weather,
The games we play are not fair,
I know inside that you care.

I know you need me, as I need you,
So show me the feelings that are true,
I will try not to hurt you in any way,
Give me a chance and we will take it day by day.

I realize you are scared, and so am I,
But I will be honest and not tell you any lies,
What I give, I want in return,
The love and happiness that you burn.

FRAN. C.

P
O
E
T
R
Y

THE WOMEN'S JAIL--1956

This garden is outlandish
with its white picket fence
and straggling orchard;
who would guess this painted house
with convent walks
is a women's jail?

Unless you had seen their faces,
old women grey as sponges
drooping in this habitat
young ones sullen
with a worm gnawing them.
I often wonder why the drug-takers
have such sky-blue eyes.

And the cheque-forgers;
how velvet they are
how apples and cream,
secretly I envy them
their blossoming bodies
and their talents with men.

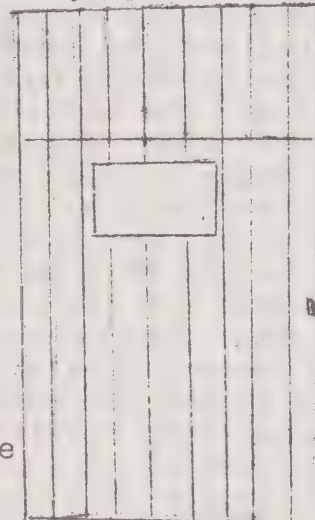
Being especially human
I am no judge of evil
but hear how it has
a singing life in them
how it speaks out
with an endowed voice.

Doubt my poor, my gentle one
my overtrained, my fine
my inner ear.
I have been insufficiently dowered
my limbs are pale as winter, sun-starved
my blood is free from alcohol
I am law-abiding,
I am completely resistable, is there
anything praise-worthy in that?

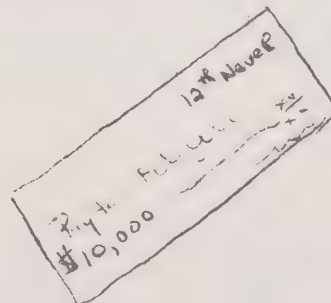
Poet: Miriam Waddington

Submitted by Patti S.

CELL 69



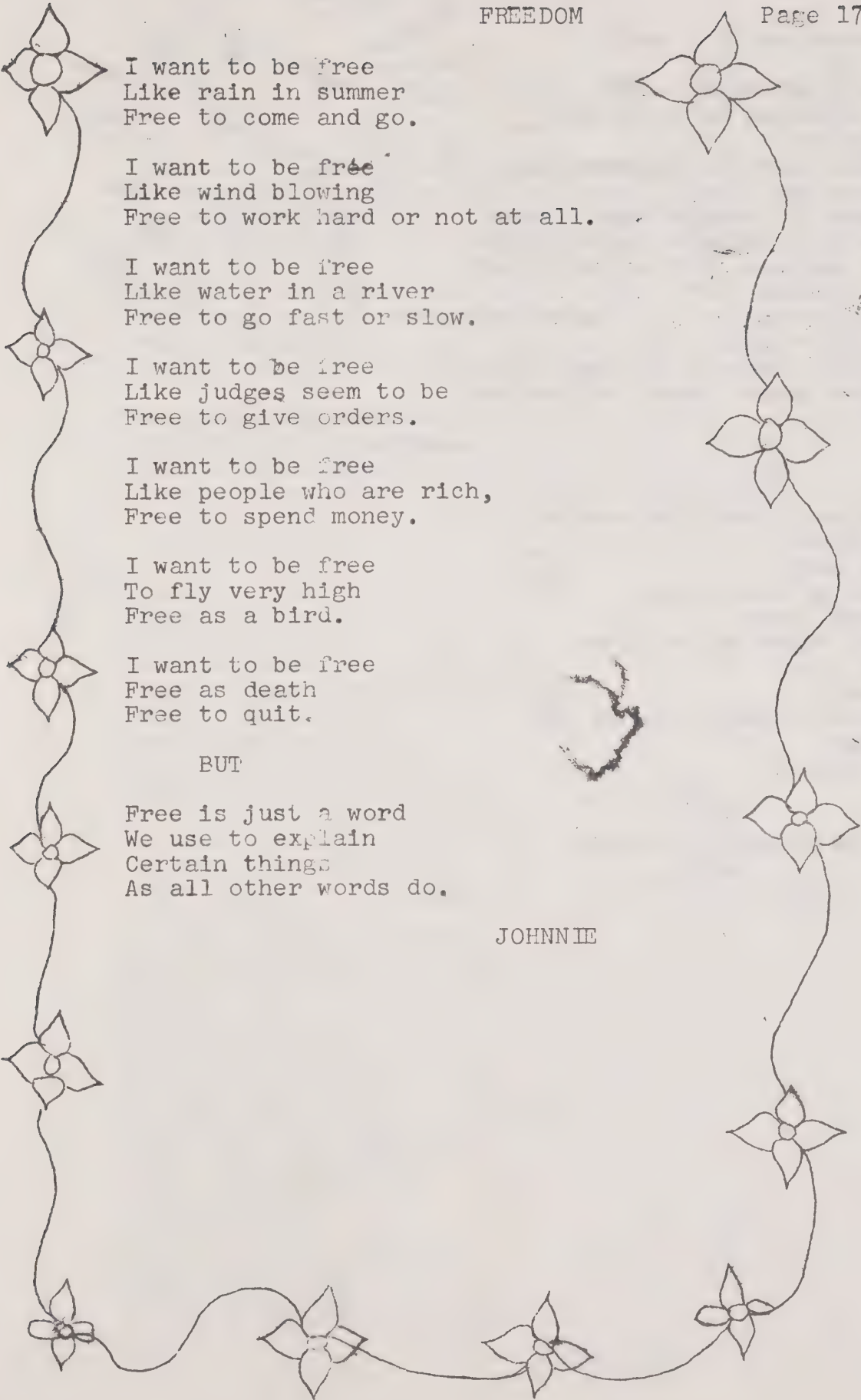
!\$ \$!



Silently fleeing, the Fortress of Night
Has sped into histories pages
The moon gently dims, a million stars
Retreat to commune like sages
To scribe in the annals their mystic accent,
Of all deeds in a time ever-past,
Forgotten, Forgiven, Paramount,
The Joys, The Sorrows, The First, The Last
I pause and ponder that splendour above.
New-born each day at this time
A Testimony of the Creator of Love,
Defying mans Reason and Rhyme.
Spread over us all for each one to share,
Regardless of Class, Creed, or Kind.
Caressing the Spirit, Reviving the Hope,
Rekindling the heart and the mind
In the warn-red hues the sun diverges
Do I see the Life-Blood of Man?
In the crispy cloudlets floating on:
The dream he will have, when he can.
In the wind; the Cold from an unknown source.
That heeds not his private fears,
In the Big Blue patches in between;
A sponge for all his tears.
And when I see those tiny Birds
Soar upward singing brightly,
Then I know one needs life's ups and downs,
To build the spirit rightly.
At day-break, I know that yesterday is gone,
That to-day is as good as can be,
So whatever it brings it will not get me down.
For, there is always tomorrow, you see.

(Setting: - Dawn rounds of Vanier Complex
October, 1969.)

C. Tutty.



I want to be free
Like rain in summer
Free to come and go.

I want to be free
Like wind blowing
Free to work hard or not at all.

I want to be free
Like water in a river
Free to go fast or slow.

I want to be free
Like judges seem to be
Free to give orders.

I want to be free
Like people who are rich,
Free to spend money.

I want to be free
To fly very high
Free as a bird.

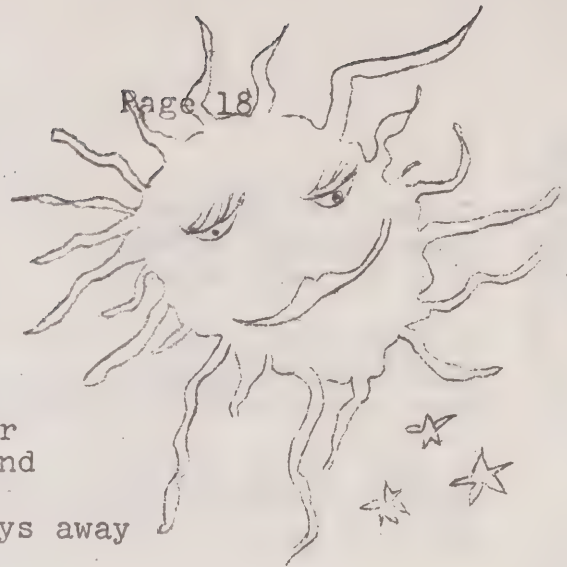
I want to be free
Free as death
Free to quit.

BUT

Free is just a word
We use to explain
Certain things
As all other words do.

JOHNNIE

You asked me if I could
make it
for another month, and
what else was there to say
I said yes
I could make it, if necessary
forever and a day.
but now it is night and I know
there is nothing to make it for
can't you see it's an open wound
I am looking for?
but next week is just seven days away
look closely
you will discover my face intact
my eyes green clear, untroubled.



Lily K.

There are times when words
fill space
close gaps
lessen grief or pain
but not today
today, words go in clean
touch bone
explode
leave splintered wounds
I watch
keep silent
wait
wait
for the target to appear.

Lily K.

Once upon a time, there was a little bug,
He lived in a room, slept on a rug,
His eyes were the color of pinkish delight,
His nose was the color of green gone bright.

If only this little bug could talk,
Then everyone would have a shock,
Because this little bug, he lives in a jail,
And it seems to him like a fairy tale.

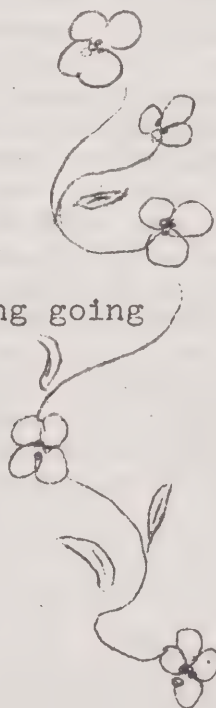


My little bug, he listens in on broads,
And whatever they cook up, from fights to frauds.
So you ought to watch out for the little bug,
You might not see him, but he's on the rug.

M.C.



There is a hollow
in my mind
just big enough to hold me.
I will pile bits and pieces to'
close the opening
and inside the void
there will be no need to
speak to think, to feel
I will live off my thoughts
In time, I will emerge
my eyes shy of the sun
bone thin
hair matted
my skin clogged with dirt
What is it that keeps this thing going
What kind of motive power
boost
possible drive
keeps moving a mechanism'
so long run down
circles on circles on circles
need only the slightest
word, touch, breath
turn round and round
gain nothing
lose nothing
each a cut deeper into
skin flesh bone
Where do you go from here?



Lily K.

As I was waiting for the big, locked glass door to open, a shiver ran up and down my spine. I was being admitted for one whole year. I couldn't believe it! We walked through two locked doorways to hell. As ordered, I entered a room called a "Waiting Room." Looking around while I sat in a comfortable arm-chair, I noticed that there was too much furniture for such a small room.

After a ten minute wait, a nurse then told me to follow here to another samall room in which there were things you'd find in an examining room. Here, she made me strip to check for scars and tattoos. She then gave me an internal which I really didn't appreciate. She made me wash my hair with some smelly shampoo. I said to myself, "Holy Jesus! I'm not an animal. I don't have bugs!"

It took four and a half hours to finally go through reception. I really didn't like the first impression of Vanier because it was getting into the evening and the people who worked in reception kept telling me, "Dont' ask questions. It's been a long day." It was a long day for me too, but I suppose all they thought about was themselves and not how we feel as we enter a new institution. It was a long day for me too. I had to get up at 6:30 in the morning to be driven from the east end of Ottawa to Brampton in five hours or so; then it took so long to go through reception.

I finally reached Timberlea at 10:30 which was lock up time. One girl greeted me as I walked into another strange area. It took a couple of weeks to settle into Timberlea and there were so many things to learn.

I find that most of the girls in the complex are really interested in the other "residents." Some of the staff in the complex are not too appreciative of what we can do in the complex, but interested only in what we have done to get here. Some of the staff really care and try to help out the girls who come to them with their problems but, on the othere hand, some staff let the job go to their head. Some of the staff try to treat us like people but otheres treat us like slaves forever telling us what to do. If you don't do what you're told to do, they threaten you with segregation.

Is this all they have to fall back on??????????

JOHNNIE

SOCIETY'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS PEOPLE WHO BREAK

THE LAW

I realize I'm not in any position to change the way the people in society feel towards us, but there are a lot of things that could be changed if they only knew the way we, as human beings, are treated.

Although we have our choice between judge and jury, or just the judge without jury or magistrate, they don't seem to really know the full circumstances of why the crime has been committed. People who have been chosen for the jury, as has happened in many cases, are people from society who have never been through a jail or they have never been through the experience that the person who is being tried is going through. How can a jury or a judge have the authority to take away another human being's freedom? They seem to have the attitude that no matter what, this person has broken the law and they must be punished. It seems, in many cases, that they will go by whatever evidence the police provide, whether or not it is true. I really feel that whoever is making the sentence or saying whether or not a person is guilty, doesn't quite understand how important it is for the accused. The judge or jury are dealing with a person's life. Not only does a person go through the hell of going all through court but they also continue to be put through hell in jail and this is partially due to society's attitude.

After a person is sent to jail, people in society look down upon them. Why can't they understand that some of us need a chance? Why are people in society afraid of us? Is it too much for society to handle?

I really feel that society should let persons in jail have more opportunities, such as working T. A.s. People are not willing to accept us as human beings. If they see a person who has been sent to jail for a period of time and then after about 2 months, they may see them on a pass, some say--"Why has this person got a bit of freedom? Isn't that what jail is for? Punishment! Why are they let out? It's not right! It's not fair! They broke the law. What are they doing?"

You see my problem with society is I'm not the kind of person who likes to compete against other people. That's what society does. People are always trying to make a better buck than the next guy. If a person doesn't think they are making enough to keep up with inflation they go on strike. Why? Do they ever think of the woman who may have six kids and no husband, who is out working in a factory to support her children. A woman who only makes minimum wage. NO! They are all out for the money, thinking of themselves, and trying to beat the next guy. There are always winners and losers and no matter what, there will always be people who think they are better than others. We are all human beings and that includes "jail birds", and we are no better than anyone else and no one is better than us.

Doesn't society know what happens to a "human being" who is sent to jail? When I say this I'm talking about our self-respect. I'm talking about our life. You see society doesn't seem to understand that when a person is sentenced. They are dealing with a life. How would they like to be put in a holding jail where they are stripped in front of a woman matron and searched for all kinds of things that may not even have anything at all to do with why they are sent to jail?

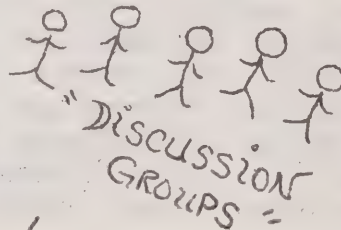
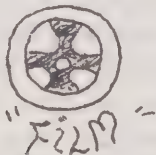
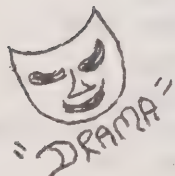
I can see to a certain point why they may have people in a jury who don't have a criminal record or never had any dealings with the law, but I really feel that if they had someone who had had a record maybe 5-10 years before. They could probably be in a better position to judge whether or not a person should be sent to jail. They would really have a better feeling toward a person being tried and a much better understanding.

Everyone makes mistakes! If society could only see that "some", not all, criminals are violent or dangerous I'm quite sure they would open up more opportunities for us. Why can't you open your eyes, people out there! I really think that we are paying for "our" mistakes and we need a new chance.

Why do you look down on us? We aren't snakes on the ground and you're no better than any of us. We are all equal! Believe it or not!

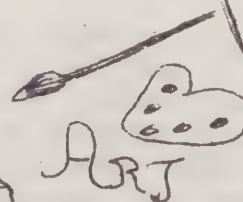
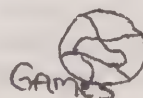
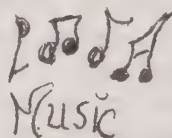
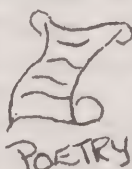
YOUTH CORPS PRESENTS

SPEAKER: Anneliese Arenberg
DATE OF DEPARTURE: Sunday, October 17th
TAKE-OFF TIME: 2:00 P.M.
SITE: Gymnasium.



CREATIVITY
SESSIONS!

ALL ARE
WELCOME



Diane B.

DRAWINGS DONE
BY
ANGIE D.



Cottage "6" House Meeting Minutes

Sunday, December 25, 197

Meeting Open: 0845

Minutes Read by Flossy the Cow

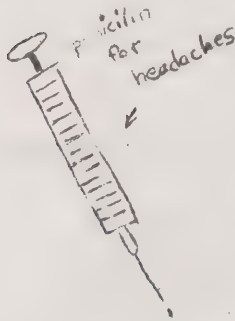
Errors and Omissions: none, never-I'm always perfect!

Invitations: Santa for Easter Fasting

Elizabeth for pardons, open any time

Donny Osmoed, 2230 any night

Announcements: the gates will remain locked
every inmate must be rehabilitated
tell them anything to keep them quiet
give them more bread and cut off the coffee
grant all G.P.s and T.A.s but have the doors
stick shut until their time is up and then
cancel all ground privileges just in case
they are upset
give only pregnant women the internals
give penicillin for headaches and ignore fevers
and swelling--anyone not in this category must
write to the Ombudsman
art classes will be mandatory until the
completion of Mr. Doyle's toupee



General Discussion: It might be wise to let it slip that
there are "rats" planted in each cottage in
order to keep all the inmates at the dis-
trusting level. That way they won't bother us
when we are trying to get our knitting
finished.

Meeting will remain open until this riot is over and we are
no longer held as hostages.

Lynda T.

Sketches
By
Angie D.

NOBODY IS PERFECT

Each one of us is a
mixture of good qualities
and some perhaps not
so-good qualities. In
considering our fellow
man we should remember his good
qualities and realize
that his faults only
prove that he is,
after all, a human
being. We should
refrain from making
harsh judgements of
a person just because
he happens to be a
dirty rotten, no-good
son-of-a-bitch.



I'm so far from home
I'm lonely
How can this be happening to me.
Jail! Oh God!
Let me out! Let me go home!
All those stories I've read.
Are they true? Oh God!
What am I doing here?
Why? Why me?
My kids, my husband
Let me go home. Just listen
Somebody.....Anybody....

Some women who arrive at Vanier are totally disorientated, lonely and afraid.

Afraid of the unknown, they are easily singled out by residents who like to make their hell a little bit worse.

They tell the new residents all kinds of stories about beatings, sexual attacks, "don't listen to staff", tell them the opposite of what you really want and you'll get it. Don't go to that cottage, the head games are just too much. Don't go in that area, its awful. And they go on and on. I will never understand why they do this. What kind of fun is there in tormenting another human being. When you get right down to it, no matter what - Jail - is Hell!

Some are better than others but its still a personal Hell.

Maybe in the future, somebody will replace this jail system.

But until then. We're here.

I'm here because I feel a need to listen.

There isn't a women on this complex staff or resident, who has not at one time felt "despair". We know it, we recognize it, we've been through it.

Don't you remember? Have you forgotten?

Next time you think its a joke to scare a new resident. Remember your first day in Jail. Some joke!

C. Mills
Hochelega Staff

Everything has changed
no more open spaces
know destinations
miles covered in the confines of
your room
instead, clinging to your "highs"
trembling at the invisible descent
reaching for that non-existent
"dividing line" (separating them from us)
afraid to look up
Why?

Lily

There is a hollow
in my mind
just big enough to hold me.
I will pile bits and pieces to
close the opening
and inside this void
there will be no need to
speak to think to feel
I will live off my own thoughts.
In time, I will emerge
my eyes shy of the sun
bone thin
hair matted
my skin clogged with dirt
what is it that keeps this thing going
what kind of motive power
boost
possible drive
keeps moving a mechanism
so long run down
circles on circles on circles
need only the slightest
word touch breath
turn round and round
gain nothing
lose nothing
each a cut deeper into
skin flesh bone
Where do you go from here?

Lily

Sitting in the darkest corner of the largest room,
Alone, desperate and waiting.....
In the middle of the room stands a table,
Upon it is a fit.
As I walk towards the table, I shake and tremble,
Slowly, I take the fit in hand and I fill it
With the syrupy, crystal-like speed.....
My veins are jutting and my heart is pounding.
Then I put the point of that wonderful syringe into my vein.
I flag and cold blood mixes in with the speed.
Then..... I let that syrupy crystal-like substance
rush into my vein.
Up Up Up, it goes into my head,
Excitement fills my entire body. Oh what a feeling,
Oh what a rush.....
Then...here comes the bummer....
Crashing, 90 miles per hour, again I am trembling,
Time for another fix.
Slowly I walk back to the darkest corner of the
largest room, Alone, desperate and waiting....

M. C.

PRISONER

Just what is a prisoner?
Someone who pays for a crime?
Does it matter if he (she) is
guilty or not?
As long as society wants blood,
and revenge, there will be prisoners.
Just what does society want?
Someone to pay for their guilt?
It seems we are a prey for society.

Every day I wake up, and what do I see?
FOUR walls, a desk, a closet, and aseat.
Are we guilty or are we not? but we are still locked.
They say: We know you are humans but.....
Why is a human locked up?
What is mankind coming to?

M. C.

WHAT IS JAIL?

Dedicated to wonderful people like Marie

I lie here and wonder
What really is jail?
Is it the bars on the windows
Or even censored mail?

Perhaps it's the bed
or even that door
That really makes us ask
Please give us more.

More understanding
More loving care
Less of Commanding
And more of "we'll share."

We'll share happiness
We'll also share love
Less of this snappiness
More like a snow dove.

Well, prison is jail
Where you're locked inside
Where staff read your mail
And they wonder why we wished we'd died.

Sue H.
Kon-Tiki

PLEASE GIVE ME MORE

To George--a super friend!

Please give me more
More love and understanding
more tender loving care
No more Commanding
And more of "we care".

Is it hard for a person
Who's known much care
To sit with someone
And give them some care.

Some love, some T. L. C.
Even the bad things you see in me
But please remember this "you'll see",
A lot more hate and a lot less me.

So is someone says to you
Please give me more
Remember you need love too
Give a little of yourself
And you'll gain a whole lot more.

Sue H.
Kon-Tiki

TO SIR WITH LOVE

My love and I were here together and
 what did these fools do,
 They took her away, and left me here,
 and broke my heart in two.
 They looked at us and said "What's this?
 Gay girls in our jail?"
 And now the only way we can speak,
 is by way of Royal Mail.

They think they're smart, these meddling
 swine, doing such a thing.
 Haven't they heard it's legal now, for
 two girls to swing.
 But they haven't won, these
 common jerks, common sense they lack,
 For in their supreme ignorance, they
 brought my girl back.

Don't let separation get you down,
 you'll be joined with your love once more,
 'Cause they have no say on who you're
 with, once you're out of freedom's door.
 Their stupidity amazes me, they're
 just too blind to see,
 Their silly measures are all futile, cuz
 nothing fazes me.

R.W.

(Inv.)

October 1976

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